

Mr. Garrick in the Character of Periander.



*I have heard too much,
Too much, just Gods! to hope for quiet more.*

Act II. Sc. 1.

Printed by Harrison & Co. Jan. 1. 1781.

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EURYDICE.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

IN

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By Mr. MALLET.



L O N D O N;

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No 18, Paternoster-Row: and Sold, likewise, by
J. WENMAN, Fleet-Street; and all other Booksellers.

M DCC LXXX.

PROLOGUE.

Written by AARON HILL, Esq.

IN youth when modesty and merit meet,
How rare the union, and the force how sweet!
Tho' at small praise our humble author aims,
His friend may give him what his blush disclaims.
Ladies—to you, he makes his chief address;
Form'd to be pray'd to, and e'en born to bless;
He feels your power himself, and makes it felt;
His scenes will teach each stubborn heart to melt;
And each fair eye that now shines softly here,
Anon shall shine still softer thro' a tear.

Let not constraint your generous sighs repress,
Nor veil compassion, nor repel distress.
Your sex's strength is in such weakness found,
And sighs and tears but help your charms to wound.

Of all the wonders taught us by the fair,
'Tis strangest, tragedy should lose their care!
Where Love, soft tyrant, in full glory reigns,
And soft reign Beauty holds the world in chains.
Less polish'd, and more bold, the comick muse
Unkings your Cupid, or obstructs his views,
Upholds presuming wit's familiar claim,
And blots out awe from love's diminish'd flame:
Finds or makes faults, and sets them strong in sight,
And dares draw woman false, or vain, or light:
While tragedy your servant try'd and true,
Still to your fame devoted, and to you,
Enslav'd to love, subdu'd ambition brings,
Firms Beauty's power, and crowns it kings of kings.

Let wish'd attention grace our scene to-night,
And mourn'd afflictions move refin'd delight.
Each tender light of life we recommend,
Wife, husband, subject, parent, son, and friend;
All your impassion'd int'rests shall engage,
And hopes, and fears, and pity, fire the stage.

Then, when soft sorrow swells the fair-one's breath,
And sad impressions mix with nightly rest,
Pleasing remembrance sta'l our scene supply,
And the sweet saddening influence never die.

EPILOGUE.

Written by AARON HILL, Esq.

Spoken by a Girl in Boy's Cloaths, tripping
in hastily.

OH, gentlemen!—I'm come, but was not sent ye:
A volunteer—Pray, does my size content ye?
Man, I am yours; sex, bless'd as Heaven can make ye;
And from this time, weak woman, I forsake ye.

Who'd be a wife, when each new play can teach us,
To what fine ends these lords of ours beseech us?
At first, whate'er they do, they do—so charming!
But mark what follows; frightful, and alarming!
They feed too fast on love, then sick'ning tell us,
They can't, forsooth, be kind—because they're jealous.

Who would be women, then, to sigh and suffer,
And wish, and wait—for the slow-coming proffer?
Not I—farewel to petticoats and stitching,
And welcome dear, dear breeches, more bewitching!
Henceforth, new-moulded, I'll rowe, love, and wonder,
And fight, and storm, and charm—like Periander,
Born for this dapper age, pert, sport, and clever;
If e'er I grow a man, 'tis now or never.

Well, but what conduct suits this transformation?
I'll copy some smart soul of conversation.

Should there be war, I'd talk of fields and trenches;
Should there be peace, I'd boast ten favourite wenches;
Should I be low'd—Gadso! how then? No matter;
I'll bow, as you do, and look foolish at her.

And so, who knows, that never means to prove ye,
But I'm as good a man as any of ye?

Well, 'tis a charming frolick, and I'll do't:
Sirs, have I your consent? What say ye to't?

Yet bold—Perhaps they'll dread a rival beau;
I may be what I seem, for aught they know.

Ladies, farewell—I should be loth to leave ye,
Could an increase of pretty fellows grieve ye:
Each, like myself, devoted ne'er to harm ye,
And full as fit, no doubt, to serve and charm ye.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

PROCLÉS, Tyrant of Epidaurus, in Possession of
the Crown of Corinth.

MEDON, his Favourite.

LEONIDAS, a Nobleman, secretly in the Queen's
Interest.

PERIANDER, King of Corinth.

POLYDORE, his Son.

ARISTON.

W O M E N.

EURYDICE, Queen of Corinth.

MELISSA, her Confidante.

Officers, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, CORINTH.

E U R Y D I C E.

A C T I.

Eurydice and Melissa.

Eur. YE heavenly Powers!

[Thunder.

[and sky?

What means this dreadful war of sea

Mel. Dreadful, indeed! It rose not by degrees,

But all at once, a tempest wild and loud. [howls

Eur. Hear, from the wint'ry north how keen it
Thro' these lone towers, that rock with every blast,

Each moment threatening ruin on our heads!

But see—stand here, and cast thy eyes below,

O'er the broad ocean to the distant sky.

See what confusion fills the raving deep!

What mountain-waves arise!—'Tis terrible,

And sailing to the horrors of my fate,

The deep despair that desolates my soul! [rocks

Mel. Ha! look, behold, due west, where yonder

O'er-hang the beating tides—Oh, sight of woe!

Four goodly ships, abandon'd to the storm,

Drive blindly with the billows, their drench'd sails

Stripp'd off, and whirl'd before the rending wind.

Eur. Assist them, all good Pow'rs! The storm is

And the flood perilous. [high,

Look, now they climb a fearful steep, and hang

On the big surge that mixes with the clouds.

Save me! it bursts, and headlong down, they reel

Into the yawning gulph! They cannot 'scape.

A sea howls o'er the foremost!

Mel. Ah! she strikes

On yonder wave-worn cliff. The fatal shock

Has doubtless shiver'd her strong side. She sinks

So swiftly down, that scarce the straining eye

Can trace her tallest mast. Where is she now?

Hide in the wild abyss, with all her crew,

All lost for ever!

Eur. Turn we from the sight,

Too dismal for a woman's eye to bear.

All fated men! whom knowing not, I mourn;

Whence, or what may they be? Even now, perhaps,

In some far distant land, a faithful wife,

Or tender parent, offers vows to Heaven

For their return, and fondly numbers up

The ling'ring months of absence. Fruitless love!

They never more shall meet!—By my own ills

Severely taught, I pity them: yet think

Their fate, all full of horror as it seems,

Is rather to be envy'd. They are now

Beyond the hand of fate, at rest for ever;

While I, Melissa—

Mel. Ah, Eurydice,

My royal mistress, rather think the gods

Would teach you, by this sight of mournful ruin,

Patience and gentler thought. When others too

Are miserable, not to know the worst

Is some degree of bliss,

Eur. Melissa, no.

I tell thee, no ill fate, no face of death
Can be so dreadful as a life like mine.
Call back to thy remembrance what I've been:
How happy in a husband, and a son
The rising boast of Greece! Behold me now
Cast down to lowest infamy; the slave,
The sport of a soul tyrant, who betray'd me,
And would destroy my honour. Gracious Heaven!
And shall this bold offender, who has broke
All bonds of holy faith, yet bids his soul
Rejoice and take her ease; shall he long triumph
Here in the throne of Corinth, while it's lord,
The great unhappy Periander, roams
An unknown fugitive?

Mel. These tears, my queen,
These faithful tears, which sympathising sorrow
Draws from my eyes, speak the sad share I take
In all your mighty ills.

Eur. Say, now, Melissa,
Is there among the daughters of affliction,
One so forlorn as poor Eurydice?
A prisoner here, subjected to the power
Of impious Procles, daily doom'd to hear,
Oh, deadly insult! his detested love!
What ill can equal this? Why did I trust
The brutal tyrant?

Mel. See, his minion's here.

Enter Medon.

Med. Hail,auteous queen! By me, the royal
Procles

With lowly service bends him to your charms;
Bids smiling health, and gentle peace of mind
Light up your morn, and make your evening fair.
This, with the tenderest vows—

Eur. Canst thou inform me
Of those unhappy men, whom I but now
Saw perish on this coast?

Med. Not who they are;
But what their fate, these eyes with dread beheld.
The king too, from the morning's chase return'd,
At this sad sight spur'd on with all his train,
To save, if possible, whom the wild sea
Cast forth upon the land. But first his love,
That counts each moment's absence from your eyes
An age of ling'ring torment, bade me fly
With health and greeting to the matchless fair,
Who holds his soul enslav'd.

Eur. Then bear him back,
From her whom he has wrong'd, betray'd, and ruin'd,
Horror and loathing, unrelenting scorn,
And all a woman's hate, in just return
For his detested love. The tyrant coward!
To crush the fallen and helpless, to embitter
The pangs, the miseries himself has caus'd,
With gall of mockery!

Med. Your pardon, Madam,

If I, the humblest of your slaves, presume
To place before your eyes in faithful prospect,
That mournful period, full of dread and danger,
Which late you saw: Behold then your false sub-
Wantonly mad, and spurning every tie [jects,
Of sworn obedience, mix'd in one bold treason,
Threat'ning and universal: your lost husband
Absent, involv'd in unsuccessful war;
His troops averse and mutinous: From them
Bold faction with contagious swiftness spread
To Corinth too; where the wild herd arouz'd,
Insulted you, and drove you to this fortress.
Say, where was then your hope, when meagre fa-
Join'd his devouring ravage, and your eyes [mine
Saw daily, hourly perish, those poor few,
Whose faith had kept them yours?

Eur. Oh, would to Heaven,
I then had perish'd too!

Med. Such was your state,
Lost even to hope, when generous Procles flew
Impatient to your aid, dispers'd and quell'd
The general treason. May I dare to urge
These services! But what are these? his throne,
His heart is yours! he lays them at your feet;
He bids you reign in both.

Eur. Thou base of heart!
To slaves like thee, who flatter and inflame
Their prince's crimes, are owing half the plagues
That curse mankind. Has not thy cruel master,
Whose guilt this shameful praise of thine brings
On thy own soul, say, has he not usurp'd, [home
With perfidy avow'd, the very crown
He swore to save? And I too—thy bold insult
Shews I indeed am wretched. But, away!
'Tis base to parley with thee, the sycophant
Who leads him on from guilt to guilt, and swears
He grows a god by finning. [Exit Medon.

Mel. Ah, my queen!
My heart forebodes some fatal consequence
Will grow of this.

Eur. Why, let it come, Melissa.
I merit all that fortune can inflict,
For trusting this betrayer, this curs'd Procles!

Mel. Alas! what could you do?

Eur. I should have died.

He was the known and mortal foe of Corinth.

Mel. Yet his fair-seeming might have won belief
From doubting age, or wary policy.

By frequent, urgent message, he conjur'd you
To save yourself. With open honour own'd
His ancient enmity; but, by each power,
Celestial and infernal, swore 'twas past:
Nay, more, that as a king and as a man,
Just indignation at your impious subjects,
And pity of your fate, had touch'd his heart.

Eur. But fame had spoke him faithless, bold,
ambitious.

No, 'twas the coward woman in my soul,
Th' inglorious fear of dying, that betray'd
My virtue into the deceiver's power.
For this, my heart, each conscious hour upbraids
As faithless to my trust, weak, and unworthy [me,
Even of the base, precarious life I hold.
For this, oh, crown of misery! I'm doom'd,
Daily to hear the tyrant's impious passion,
His horrid vows and oaths!

Mel. That way indeed,
I dread to turn my thoughts. A soul so brutal,
And flown with nightly insolence and wine,
What may he not attempt?
Either my eyes
Deceive me, or the good Leonidas
Bends hitherward his steps, and on his brow

Sits some afflicting thought.

Eur. Ha! whence is this?
What mean these secret shiverings, this dark horror
Of some approaching ill?

Enter Leonidas.

Leon. Forgive me, Madam,
That I appear before you to impart
A mournful message; but by Procles' order—

Eur. Whate'er proceeds from him, Leonidas,
Must needs be fatal to me. But, say on.
No form of ruin is so dreadful now,
As being in his power.

Leon. Unhappy queen!
Your fate might melt the hardest breast, and teach
E'en cruelty's remorseless eye to weep.
How shall I speak the rest?

Eur. Leonidas,
What is this fatal tale, too sad for utterance?
Alas! why dost thou weep, why turn thy eyes
Severe on Heaven?

Leon. This ruinous storm,
Whose sudden outrage—

Eur. Ha! what ships were these,
Say, speak, that sunk but now before our eyes,
In sight of shore?

Leon. The very fleet design'd
To rescue you; to free repenting Corinth
From this betrayer, this detested Procles,
The king was there embark'd.

Eur. Then all is lost!

Mel. Ah, Heaven! the saints.

Leon. Behold, ye gods! this sight,
Remember the curs'd author of this ruin—
My eyes, my soul's in tears to see her thus.

Eur. Oh, Periander, my much-injur'd lord,
Would I had dy'd for thee!—Ah, gentle maid!
Was it then he, my husband, whom these eyes
Saw perish in the storm; whose fate I wept,
Nor knew that all the cruel wreck was mine!

Mel. Unhappy day! [avail us,

Leon. Would tears, my gracious mistress, aught
Methinks these aged eyes could number drops
With falling clouds, or the perpetual stream.
But while we mourn, our enemy rejoices,
And sounds his cruel triumph loud to heaven.
If I have bow'd me to his impious will,
Tho' with that strong abhorrence nature feels
At what she holds most mortal; 'twas to turn
Against the traitor his own treacherous arts,
And ruin him more surely. This may be.
Sad Corinth looks with horror on the hand [ons.
That scourges her each hour with whips of scorp-
She waits but some fair chance, at once to rise
And drive him from her throne. [A flourish.

Mel. These trumpets speak
His near approach.

Eur. Father of human kind,
Eternal Justice, hear these guilty sounds,
Behold this tyrant's revel, while a king,
Thy great resemblance, floats a cold, pale corse;
Or on the naked beach cast vilely out,
Unknown, unhonour'd lies!—Leonidas,
By all my griefs, I beg thee, search these shores,
Each cliff and cavern where the wild wave beats,
For my lov'd lord, and to these widow'd arms
Give back his dear remains. [Exeunt Eur. and Mel.

Enter Procles, Medon, and Attendants.

Pro. Hail, glorious day! auspicious fortune, hail!
From this triumphant hour my future life
Runs fair and smiling on. The bold attempt,
Laid dark and deep by my most dreaded foe,
Is perish'd with it's author. From on high
Heaven arm'd his winds and seas to fight for me

And victory is mine without my care,
Almost without my knowledge. Yes, the gods,
The gods themselves, espouse my happy cause!
For this, let flow'ry garlands wreath their shrines;
Let hecatombs before their altars bleed,
And triumph reign thro' Corinth!

[Attendants withdraw.]

Is the queen inform'd of all, Leonidas?

Leon. She is.

Pro. And she receiv'd the news——

Leon. With sad surprize, and many tears, my lord.

Pro. Just the fond sex.

Such their vain grief; a moment's passing storm,
Then all is calm. Be it thy farther care,
As the receding flood forsakes the shore,
To make strict search thro' all this coast around,
For Periander's corse. I would, methinks,
Awhile indulge my eyes, awhile peruse
The features of a rival once so fam'd,
So terrible in arms; whose partial fortune
Soar'd high above, and ever thwarted mine
In all the dearer aims that swell my thought,
Love and ambition.

Leon. Mark this, righteous Heaven!

[Aside. Exit.]

Med. At length, Sir, all the gods declare for you,
And fortune is your own. Your native realm,
Fair Epidaurus, peaceful and resign'd,
Acknowledges her lord. Your rival's fate
Confirms his kingdom yours.

Pro. Yet I am still

Unblest'd amid this flow of prosp'rous fortune.
Not all the charms ambition's shoreless with,
Empire and kneeling homage, can bestow
The better joy I long for.

Med. Ah, my prince!

Forget, or scorn that proud, ill-natur'd fair-one!

Pro. Impossible. By Heaven, my soul can form
No wish, no thought but her. I tell thee, Medon,
With blushes tell thee, this proud charmer reigns
Unbounded o'er my reason. I have try'd
Each shape, each art of varied love, to win her;
And 'twas my soul's first aim, the tower'ing point
Of all my wishes, to prevail in this,
To triumph o'er my rival too in love.
That had been great revenge! but baffled here,
I'm disappointed still.

Med. Believe me, Sir,

When once the fit of wilfulness is o'er,
The burst of tears discharg'd, she'll quickly soften,
Stoop to your wishes, and forget a husband
Who is no more.

Pro. Perdition on his name!

I dread his memory as my rival still.
But if I have not won her to be mine,
At least, the hated husband reap'd no joy
From her fantastick honour. Stung to madness,
For ill-requited love, I darkly spread
Surmises of her truth. He thought her false;
And, as he doated on her, the dire tale
Was poison to his quiet. Jealousy,
In all it's horrors, must have seiz'd his soul.
I triumph'd there!

Med. 'Twas exquisite revenge.

I too, my lord, who live but for your pleasure,
Your ever-faithful slave, I too combin'd
To aid your vengeance. You can still remember,
When in a dungeon's depth Arison lay,
Arison, Periander's factious friend;
With looks of seeming pity, I oft mourn'd
His hard imprisonment, complain'd of you,
Nay, curs'd your cruelty, till I had brought
His unsuspecting honesty to credit

My fiction of the queen. I told him then,
With well-dissembled hatred of her crime,
Embittering every circumstance, that she,
Forgetful of her better fame, had heard
Your secret passion, and with equal ardour
Return'd it's warmth. Nay, that she often urg'd
To wreak your rage on him, the hated friend {you
Of Periander. Having thus alarm'd him,
After a long pause, I let him 'scape at last,
To find his master out.

Pro. I thank thee, Medon.

But this avails not much. My soul burns in me,
With furious longings to subdue that woman;
To bend her pride of virtue to my passion.
I fancy, in her arms transcendent joys,
A heaven of higher bliss, not to be found
In unresisting beauty, woo'd and won
At idle leisure. Yet once more, I mean
To try the fortune of my wishes with her;
And if I am repuls'd, away, at once,
All little arts of love.

Med. Mean while, the banquet,
Which pleasure's curious hand hath furnish'd out
With splendid choice, awaits you, and invites
To laughing thought and triumph. There the god,
Th' inspiring god of wine, with rose-buds crown'd,
Mirth in his look, and at his side the band
Of little playful loves, fills high the bowl,
And bids it flow unbounded. Musick too
Joins her enchanting voice, and woos the soul
With all her powerful skill of moving strains,
Till the gay hour is quite dissolv'd in bliss,
In extasy of revel, all unknown
To lean-look'd temperance, and his peevish train!

Pro. Come on then, Medon. Life is vainly short,
A very dream of being; and when death
Has quench'd this finer flame that moves the heart,
Beyond is all oblivion, and waste night,
That knows no following dawn; where we shall be
As we had never been. The present then
Is only ours; and shall we let it pass,
Untasted, unenjoy'd? No, let us on.
Hail we the rising shade! and now, while night
Leads on the secret hour of free delight,
With wanton gaiety, in naked stat',
Let musick, mirth and love around us wait.

ACT II.

SCENE, A rocky Coast, terminated by a View of
the Ocean.

Enter Periander and Leonidas,

Leon. **T**HIS way a distant sound alarm'd my
ear;

Broken it seem'd to be; the voice of mourning
And deep distress. Methought it rose just here,
From these deaf-sounding cliffs. But all is still,
Save the hoarse deep yet working from the storm.
Some Power direct my steps where I may find,
By this faint moon-light, my lov'd master's corse,
To save his sacred reliques from the rage
Of brutish tyranny——Ha! what art thou?

A man, or fear-form'd shadow of the night?

Per. Leonidas!

Leon. The same. But speak again.

Per. Leonidas!

Leon. Ha! can it be, ye Powers,
My royal lord?

[name!]

Per. [Coming forward.] A wretch that has no

Leon. Oh, all ye gods! may I believe my senses?

'Tis he! my prince!—Just Heaven, to thee I kneel,

And thus adore thy gracious providence !

Per. Rise, Leonidas.

I am beneath thy care. Thou seest me here
The last of men, cast off by all good powers ;
Sav'd from the deep to be more lost on shore.

Leon. My king and master, tho' my heart bleeds
With all your mighty ills, I must again [in me,
Bless that good Heaven whose providence has sav'd
you.

'Tis great ! 'tis wond'rous all ! But how, oh, how
Have you escap'd the tyrant's jealous search ?
His guards with strict survey rang'd every cliff
And hollow of these rocks.

Per. I'll tell thee then.

We were in sight of Corinth, when at once
Broad darkness hid the sky ; at once the winds
Roar'd with mad bluster o'er us, and the seas
In rowling mountains rose. A storm so fierce,
So big with ruin, baffled our best skill.
Despair struck every heart. The ship ran round
In giddy whirls, and bulg'd on some hid rock.
Oh, dismal moment ! still methinks I hear
The general dying scream of multitudes,
Just drowning in th' abyss ! How poor a thing
Is a king then, Leonidas !—I grasp'd
A floating wreck, the big sea roaring round me,
And bursting o'er my head : at once I lost
The light of heaven and life. A wave, it seems,
Lodg'd me within a cavern's secret depth,
Near yon tall mountain.

Leon. Miracle of fate !

Sure God's immediate hand conducted it,
Severely merciful—How shall I tell
What pangs, what agonies of soul I felt
At sight of your sad wreck ?—But, Sir, the prince,
What of his fare ?

Per. I know not what to think :

But, to be mine, it seems, is to be wretched.
Half of my fleet, yet rising in the port,
I left to his command, but with strict charge
To sail a few hours after.
This storm, I fear, may have surpriz'd him too,
Unhappy boy !

Leon. Your own escape, my lord,
So full of wonder, and beyond all hope,
Inclines me to strong faith, that Heaven is still
Concern'd for your affairs. But to behold
No roof but heaven's high cope to shelter you ;
No couch but this inhospitable earth,
To rest your brine-drench'd limbs—it kills my heart.
Curse on the tyrant !

Per. Pr'ythee, think me not
So poorly foud to stoop beneath the pressure
Of Fortune's hand. That were to merit it.
But there's still behind—Oh, death to honour !
One crushing blow, that lays me low indeed !
That sinks me in the dust !

Leon. What do I hear ?
Your words amaze me !

Per. How, Leonidas ?
Surely thou art no stranger to my thought !
Procles—Eurydice—Wilt thou not speak,
To save my shame ? Say, tell me what thou know'st
Of that bad woman.

Leon. With such watchful care
The tyrant's trusted spies observe her steps,
That, till this fatal evening, when, by order
Of Procles, I inform'd her of your death,
I have not seen her once.

Per. Just what I fear'd.
That guilty secrecy was well contriv'd
To cover crimes too foul for honest eyes,
And heaven's fair light to see. None, none but Pro-

Could gain admittance ; and to him my gates,
My fortress, nay, my bed itself was open !

Leon. Oh, wrong her not, my lord ! Had you but
seen

With what convulsive pangs of heart-felt anguish,
What bleeding agonies, she heard the tale
Of your imagin'd death, your soul would melt,
In pity of her woes. This Procles too,
Call'd down each power of heaven to witness for
him,

He meant her fair. Here was the common cause
Of kings, he said, whose place and honour bound
To scourge rebellion, in whatever shape, [them
Wherever found. And then what was her state ?
Death, in his ghastliest form, devouring famine,
Hung instant o'er her head. Oh, think of this,
And add not to her wrongs !

Per. Ha ! wrong her, say'st thou ?
Answer me : has she not entail'd disgrace,
And vileness on my name ? Has not made me
The laughter of my foe, the scoff of Procles ?
Oh, curse ! is there in all the wrath of Heaven
A plague, a ruin, like that infamy !

Leon. Ah ! my lord,
By all good Powers, by your eternal quiet,
I beg you hear me—

Per. I have heard too much,
Too much, just gods ! to hope for quiet more.
Those fates inexorable, that pursue
My life with utmost rigour, would not spare me
The knowledge of my shame. From my best friend
Blushing I learnt it—But hast thou e'er felt
That heart of anguish stabb'd by murderous fears,
And shuddering with ten thousand mortal thoughts
That tempest of the soul that knows no calm ;
Passing from love to hate, from doubt to rage,
To raving agony !

Leon. Alas ! my lord,
Vrue me, I weep to hear so sad a tale.

Per. I'll tell thee all ! for, oh ! my soul is full,
And must have vent. When I call'd back past time,
Life's vernal season, the soft hours of peace
And unsuspecting love ; our growing joys
In rearing one lov'd son ; that heaven of bliss
Which princes seldom find, and was all ours,
My soul dy'd in me. You at last arous'd it
To thoughts of vengeance. With all speed I sail'd,
Feeding my frenzy with the gloomy joy
Of stabbing the betrayer in her arms ;
Of plunging both to hell—but this curs'd storm !
These treacherous waves !

Leon. Ye gods, what have I heard !

Alas, alas ! all waves, all storms, are calms
To jealousy. Oh, my lov'd lord, beware
Of that destroyer, that self-torturing fiend,
Who loves his pain, and feeds the cruel cares
That prey upon his life ; whose frantick eye
Is ever open, ever prying round
For what he dreads to find. This is, by Heaven,
Some dark-laid treachery, the crime of Procles !

Per. Of Procles, say'st thou ?

Leon. Oh, you know him not.

Love and ambition are not all his guilt.
But now's no time, my lord,
For farther talk. I tremble for your life.
This place is hostile ground ; and danger here
May find us out, though shrouded round with night.
Hence let us fly, where I may lodge you safe
In some obscure retreat ; till pitying Heaven
Unravel this perplexity of ills,
And point us what to do.

Per. Thou good old man !
By Heaven, thy matchless honesty and truth

Half reconcile me to disgrace and ruin.
Yet blushing let me tell thee all my folly—
Might I but see Eurydice—Nay, start not:
I know 'tis base. I know she is beneath
My coolest scorn. I hate and curse this weakness.
Yet let me see her—If she still has kept
Her faith inviolate; fallen as I am,
My ruin will be light. If otherwise,
To know the worst will be sooth soothing ease
To this hot hell of doubt.

Leon. I with you, Sir,
To weigh the certain peril that attends
This rash adventure. Should, which Heav'n avert!
Should Procles' guards discover you, oh, think
What must ensue! Think, in your fate, the queen
And prince both ruin'd!

Per. But my genius prompts.
Fate calls; and I must on. No face of danger
Can be so dreadful as the vulture-thoughts
That gnaw my heart-strings. But we both are safe.
The moon withdraws her light; and who will dream
Of finding Periander in this rustet?

This, when the storm grew big, I threw around me;
In hopes my vulgar fate, if then I perish'd,
Might ever rest unknown; and Procles still
Sitting on his throne—But hark, what sounds?

Leon. The tyrant thus dishonours fortune's favour
By this mean pomp and triumph—Yet 'tis well.
Now riot rules the hour, and watchful order
Relinquish his post to dissolute security.
We now may pass unquesti'd. Come, my lord,
This way our path lies. May some friendly god
Walk with us, and throw tenfold darkness round.

[Exit.]

Enter Eurydice alone.

Eur. Oh, night of ruin, horror, and despair!
Walks there beneath thy universal shade
A wretch like me undone? All-ruling gods!
Why have I liv'd to this? Why was my crime
Whitened on the guiltless head? on him
For whom my soul would have met death with joy?
Where shall I turn my eyes? What hope remains
To misery like mine? Oh! I am lost
Beyond the hand of Heav'n to save me now.
Leonidas returns not—

Enter Melissa.

Mel. Gracious gods,
Defend my royal mistress! As I watch'd
Without for good Leonidas, this moment
Saw the tyrant cross the lower court,
Preceded by his minion: as new risen
From the mad midnight's feast; his wanton robe
Boasting from behind, and on his head
A festal wreath of roses—Ah! he's here.

Enter Procles and Medon.

Pro. Hail, young-ey'd god of wine! parent of joys!
Follick, and full of thee (while the cold fons
Of temperance, the fools of thought and care,
Lie stretch'd in sober slumbers) we, the few
Of purer flame, exalt each living hour
With pleasures ever new—Eurydice!
Thou queen of souls! thou rapture of my vows!
What means this pensive mood? Oh, quench not
In fruitless tears those eyes, that wont to smile [thus
With all love's sweetness, all his dewy beams,
Diffusing life around thee.

Eur. Hence, thou tyrant,
And leave me to my sorrows! Ills like mine
Would draw remorse and reverence from the savage,
Who howls with midnight wolves amid the desert
In quest of horrid prey. What then art thou,
Whose brutal rage adds bitterness to woe,
And anguish to the breaking heart?

Still wayward and perverse!—Off then this tame-
ness,

These supple, fawning arts. By all th' impatience
That goads my soul, I will not flatter more.

Know thou art in my power, and—

Eur. Tyrant, no.

I scorn thy base, unmanly threats—Ah, Heaven!
Dost thou look calmly on?—But be it so.

This friendly dagger set me free.

[Attempting to stab herself.]

Pro. Ha! what,

What means thy frantic passion? This is wildness,
Th' extravagance of female wilfulness;
It must not be; you shall be gently forc'd
To live, and to be happy.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Sir, forgive

This rude intrusion. What I bring imports
Your present ear. As now I walk'd the round
Of this wide fort, where the steep-winding path
Ends at the northern gate, I spy'd a stranger,
Who sought to lie conceal'd. Forthwith I rous'd
The nearest watch; and, ere he was aware,
Surrounded him at once. His sudden silence,
And hands oft rais'd to heaven with earnest action,
Convinc'd me he is of no common note.

Eur. My soul! what dost thou hear?

[Aside.]

Pro. 'Tis well. I thank thee.

Haste, see him brought before us.

Enter Periander guarded.

Eur. Oh, ye powers!

[Aside.]

Per. Ha! poison to my eyes!

Pro. I know him not.

His dress is poor, and speaks him of the vulgar.
He seems to labour with some stormy thought,
That deeply shakes his frame. What art thou? say!
Why at this hour of silence ling'ring here?
Ha! speak, resolve me; or the rack shall tear
Confession from thy pangs.

Per. Fate, thou hast caught me!

But all is equal now.

[Aside.]

[To him.] Then see before thee

The man on earth whom thou hast injur'd most!

If guilt can know remorse, what must thou feel

At sight of Periander?

Pro. Periander!

Eur. Now, now, we both are ruin'd!

Pro. Heaven, I thank thee.

I form'd but one supreme, one crowning wish,
And thou hast heard it! This is more than triumph!

Eur. Oh, my lov'd lord—

Per. Thou canst no more betray me.

For thee, my soul still unsubdu'd and free,
Disdains to partle with thine.

Pro. Yet thou art fallen

Beneath my wrath, the vassal of my nod,
To be chastis'd for mirth—Guards drag him hence,
And plunge him in the dungeon's depth!

Eur. Oh, Heav'n!

Per. Away,

Unkingly boaster! Can prosperity
Debase thee to the cowardice of insult?
Thy brutal manners well revenge me on thee:
They shew thee as thou art.

As for this weary carcass in thy power,
It is beneath my care. Lead to my dungeon.
Chains, scourges, torture, all that nature feels,
Or fears abhorrent, cannot shock my thought
Like thy loath'd sight, and that vile woman's! On!

[Exit guarded.]

Eur. My lord, my husband, stay—Oh, hear me!
hear me—

Shame! rage! distraction!—Cruel tyrant, off!

I'll follow him to death.

Pro. No! By the joys

That swell my soaring thought, you shall not 'scape
Revenge and love combine to crown this night [me,
With matchless bliss.

Eur. Inhuman! hast thou eyes?

Hast thou a heart? and cannot all this wreck
Of ruin'd majesty, ruin'd by thee,
Move one relenting thought, and wake thy pity?
He feels not what I say: repeated crimes
Have savag'd his remorseless soul.—Hear then,
Almighty Jove! behold, and judge the cause
Of Periander! number all his wrongs
In plagues, in horrors—

Pro. Ha! by hell, this raving

But wings his fate. Since thy fond folly weds thee
To ruin with this rival, know he dies;
This very night he dies! Through him I mean
To wound thy heart indeed. Thou shalt behold him
When the rack stretches strong his rending joints,
Bursts all his veins, and hunts the flying soul
Through every limb; then, when convulsive agony
Grins hideous in his face, mangled and bleeding,
In the last throes of death, thou shalt behold him!

Eur. It is not to be borne! My life dies in me
At the destroying thought—Ah, stay thee, Procles—
Assist me, pitying Heaven!—See then, behold me
Thus prostrate at thy feet. If yet thou hast not
Renounc'd all manhood, feeling, and remorse,
Banish us any whither; drive us out
To shame, want, beggary, to every woe
That most embitters life—I yet will bless thee,
Forget my crying wrongs, and own thee merciful.

Procles aside, and pausing.

This woman fools my rage—but to resolve.
No—yes; it shall be so. Rise then, and learn
Thy triumph o'er my soul. Yes, he shall live,
This Periander whom I deadly hate;
Nay more, he shall be free. Leonidas,
With such safe conduct as thyself shalt name,
Attend him to our kingdom's farthest limit.
This, in the sight of Jove the supreme lord,
I swear I do; so thou at last consent
To meet my love—Ha! what! and dost thou frown?
Weigh well what I propose; for on my soul,
His life or death awaits thy next resolve.

[Exeunt Procles and Medon.]

Eur. Then kill me first—He's gone! and now,
ye gods,

Is there among the wretched one so lost,
So curs'd as I? Oh, scene of matchless woes!
Oh, Periander! wert thou sav'd for this?
Ye holy Powers in heaven, to whom belongs
The fate of virtue, and redress of wrongs.
Assist, inspire me how to save his life;
Or to th' unhappy husband join the wife!

A C T III.

Eurydice and Melissa.

Melissa.

THIS cheerless morning rises slow and sad,
The frowning heavens are black with stormy
And, o'er the deep, a hovering night of fogs [clouds;
Lies dark and motionless.

Eur. That mournful face

Of nature is less gloomy than my soul:
All there is darkness and dismay. Ah, me!
Was ever night, Melissa, like the last?
A night of many terrors, many deaths!
How has my soul out-liv'd it? But, great gods!
Can mortal strength, can human virtue bear

What Periander feels? In one day's course,
Wreck'd, made a captive, sunk into a dungeon,
To die or live as his curs'd foe decrees?
Distraction's in the thought! And what can I
To save his sacred life?

Ha! is it Heaven

[After a pause]

That darts this sudden light into my soul?
This glimpse of dawning hope?—It shall be try'd.
Yes, yes, ye Powers! my life and fame shall both
Be offered up to save his dearer life.

Mel. Alas, what mean you, Madam?

Eur. Mean, Melissa!

To do a noble justice on myself;
A deed for which, in nations yet unborn,
Chaste wives and matrons shall renown my name.
I've wrong'd my husband greatly, and I mean
Ample atonement of my guilty weakness.
Go, then Melissa—

Mel. Whither must I go?

I tremble at your words.

Eur. Yet it sticks here,

This fatal purpose. Can I leave behind me
A doubtful name, insulted, wounded, torn
By cruel calumny? I can, I dare.
Go then, and in my name—'Tis worse than death
To utter it—but go, inform the tyrant,
So Periander lives, and is set free,
I yield me to his wish.

Mel. Forbid it, Heaven!

Eur. Thou faithful, virtuous maid! know then
My fix'd resolve. By this I mean to amuse [my lady
His brutal hopes, and save me from his violence,
Till Periander is beyond his reach.
Then, if he still dare urge his impious purpose,
A dagger sets me free. This arm at last
Shall do me right on him, myself, or both!

Enter Leonidas.

Eur. Leonidas!

Leon. Ah, Madam!

Eur. Dare I ask

Where Periander is—Ah, where indeed?
Chain'd in a dungeon's airless depth, amid
Foul damps, and lonesome darkness! Oh, the
Draws blood from my torn heart. *[thought]*

Leon. Justice divine!

In thy great day of visitation, mark
This man of blood. Oh, let him feel the hand
He dares to disbelieve. To all his counsels
Send forth, in thy just wrath, that fatal spirit
Of error and illusion, that foreruns
The fall of guilty kings.

Ere morning dawn,
Soft to the dismal dungeon's mouth I stole,
Where, by the glimmerings of a dying lamp,
I saw my great unhappy master laid
On the cold earth along—

Eur. Oh, hide the sad,

Th' fatal image from me. Ah, me! my life
Flows out at ev'ry word—What's to be done?

Leon. Madam, I set my all at stake for him.
Old as I am, and broken with the load
Of threescore years, what is a life like mine,
But as it may be useful to my master?

Already the sad people know his fate:
And I, by faithful hands, will try to rouse
Their pity first, and next their rage. No hour,
No moment shall be lost.

Eur. Thou good old man!

What words can speak thy worth? Fair loyalty
And faith inviolate, which seem'd quite lost
Among mankind, live in thy virtuous bosom.

Leon. No more of this, my queen. Might I but
This haughty tyrant, in some guilty hour

Of insolence and riot, when his pride
Plumes all her vainest wishes, hurl'd at once
To ruin unforeseen; my labours then,
My services, were greatly over-paid.
Eur. Heaven hear thy pious wish! I too the
while,

To save my husband's life, have been contriving—

Leon. Madam, the tyrant—I will find another
More favourable moment. [Exeunt Eur. and Mel.]

Enter Procles and Medon.

Pro. Hold thyself

Prepar'd, Leonidas: I must employ thee
In an affair of weight. [Leonidas withdraws.]

Methinks I droop

With more than wonted heaviness of heart.

But I will shake it off, and to the winds

Give every thought of care. 'Tis only fondness,

And fancy sick with hope. Eurydice

Bends to my wishes: and, in her, I hope

That heaven imagin'd, that sole bliss, which yet

My search could never meet.

Med. It moves my wonder

To see your love thus wedded to one bosom;

While all around bright crowds of rival beauties

Pratise each art of charming, look, and talk,

And live for you alone.

Pro. Alas, my friend!

Poor is the triumph over hearts like these:

This hour they please us, and the next they pall.

But to subdue the pride that scorns to yield;

To fill th' unwilling breast with sighs and longings,

With all the soft distraction of fond love,

Even while it strives against th' invading victor,

And wonders at the change; that, that is conquest!

The plume of pleasure! and from her alone

A glory to be won.

Med. Well, may you find

In this proud fair-one that enchants you thus,

Whate'er imagination's fondest eye

Beholds in rapturous vision, or young love

In all his wantonness of power can give.

But yet, forgive your servant's forward zeal,

Mean you to keep the promise you have made her?

Pro. I do.

Med. How, Sir! what set her husband free?

Pro. I mean no less.

Med. Your pardon, Sir: 'tis well.

But have you calmly weigh'd, in reason's scale,

The certain consequence? Set free your rival!

A soul made furious with his mighty wrongs;

Boiling with hate, rage, jealousy, revenge;

With the full-gather'd storm of deadly passions!

The gods forbid it, Sir!—And all to dry

A froward woman's tears!

Pro. No, no, my friend;

Nor liberty, nor life, shall long be his:

I never meant him either: but my faith

Is paid to set him free. By that alone

The haughty queen was overcome; and I

Will keep th' illusive promise to her ear,

But break it to her hope.

Med. As how, my lord?

Pro. Such inbred enmity my soul bears his,

As Nature does to ruin, to the grave,

Where the whole man descends to rise no more.

Hear then what I intend. Thou know'st the fortress,

That guards our frontier on the Theban side.

That way our foe must pass; but thou shalt first

Post thither on the spur with wary speed;

And with a chosen band, drawn from the fort,

Way-lay him on the farther hill, close couch'd

In the deep covert of those pendant woods,

That shade the path below.

Med. Conclude it done.

Sleep shall not know my eyes, till his are clos'd

In everlasting night. As to his prison

I waited him, he call'd me minion, slave,

A traitor's parasite, the base-foul'd minister

Of his loose pleasures: and I will repay him,

For each opprobrious name, a mortal stab.

Yes, he shall feel his fate. Insult and taunt,

Embittering every blow, shall mock his pangs,

And give him sevenfold death!

Pro. So, now to try

This Periander thoroughly. Go, Medon,

Command him hither. [Exit Medon.]

No, I cannot bear

His last night's haughty look and untam'd spirit.

It baffles my revenge, and I still miss

My noblest triumph; for I meant to bend him

To base dejection, and to feast my scorn

With his pale cheek and supplicating eye.

But I will hunt this pride through each recess,

Each closer folding of the soul, till I

Have sunk him to my wish.—Thou, jealousy!

Almighty tyrant of the human mind,

Who canst at will unsettle the calm brain,

O'erturn the seated heart, and shake the man

Through all his frame with tempest and distraction;

Rise to my present aid; call up thy powers,

Thy furious fears, thy blasts of dreadful passion,

Thy whips, snakes, mortal stings, thy host of hor-

rouse thy whole war against him, and compleat [rors;

My purpos'd vengeance.—But he comes to prove it.

Enter Periander, Medon, and Guards.

[Advancing.] I have to talk with thee. Thy life,

Depends upon my will—

[thou know'st,

Per. And, therefore, I

Am weary of the load. But let the gods,

Who thus dispense our fates, account for them,

And vindicate their justice.

Pro. Be more calm.

The noble mind meets every chance of fortune,

Unruffled and serene. I, though thy foe,

Perhaps may mean thee good.

Per. Such good the tiger,

Hungry for death and slaughter, means his prey.

But know, my soul receives with equal scorn

Thy hate and hollow love. I am not fallen

By thy superior sword, or nobler deed;

It was the guilt of fate!

Pro. Call we it so.

At least 'tis well thou must of force acknowledge

Thy crown, thy liberty, thy life and death,

Hang on my nod. I can dispose of all

As likes me best.

Per. Ha! dost thou boast of that?

But thou wilt never know how poor a purchase

Is power and empire gain'd for virtue lost.

Pro. And yet, methinks, I read the difference

plain

In thee and me. Thy virtue and these bonds

I weigh in equal scale against the crown

And sceptre of fair Corinth: and while these,

The glorious aim of each great heart that dares

Beyond the narrow sphere of earth-born spirits;

While these are mine, I envy not thy tribe,

A sound, an empty name!

Per. It joys my soul

To find the man, who bears me mortal hate,

At war too with the gods. 'Tis great revenge!

Had not vain fortune made thee blind, the thought

Would change thy purple to the mourner's sack-

cloth.

What are thy glorious acts?—Thou hast undone

A woman, weak and worthless.—Yes, ye Powers!

This hero, this fair warrior, well deserv'd
To fill my vacant seat: he won it nobly!
Dissembling, perjury, the coward's arms—
With these he fought his virtuous way to empire.
Thou seest I know thee.

Pro. My soul longs
To prove thy highest daring, and to meet thee
Amid the din and peril of the battle.
Thy life is in thy hand: thou art no longer
A prisoner. This moment sets thee free.

Per. How!—but thou dar'st not—Could I find
An open day, and honourable arms, [thee there,
Opposing war to war, as monarchs should,
I would forgive thee all, my crown usurp'd,
These slave-like bonds—But that fair hope is vain.
The fears that haunt thy soul—

Pro. Strike off his fetters. [To Medon.
Haste, find Leonidas. Bid him prepare
To guard the prisoner to our kingdom's frontier.
There he shall leave him free to chuse what course
His fancy most affects.

Per. What means all this?
Dares guilt then be so brave? and dost thou free
The man whom act of thine shall never win
To owe thee aught but deep and deadly hate?

Pro. Go, see my orders instantly perform'd.
[Medon and Guards retire.

Well, it may
Surprize thy hope: 'twas what I never meant thee.
But that fond woman who enslaves my soul
To all her wishes, and still pities thee,
With idle blandishments extorted from me
A solemn vow to set thee free.

Per. Confusion!

Pro. Thus I, against my better mind, release
My mortal enemy. But let it speak
The greatness of my love; and what dull husband,
Through all recorded time, e'er gave such proof
Of matchless fondness?

Per. Plagues! perdition! hell!
Damn'd, damn'd adulteress!—Villain, slave, 'tis
Thou ly'st—What thee! Oh, curse— [false:
Pro. At last 'tis done. [Exit.

Per. Have I then liv'd to this? to this confusion?
My foe, the man on earth my soul most loathes,
Rejoices over me; and she—even she
Hath join'd his triumph!—Off, away, be gone,
Love, manhood, reason—Come, ye sister-furies,
Daughters of hate and hell! arise, inflame
My murderous purpose; pour into my veins
Your gall, your scorpion-feltness, your keen horrors
That sting to madness; till my burning vengeance
Hath her full draught of blood—

[Walking with a disturb'd motion.

But how! where am I?
Oh, this poor brain! ten thousand shapes of fury
Are whirling there, and reason is no more.
Him! him! a caitsif black with every vice!
Debase herself to him!—the thought is hell!
Well, well—and I, how have I doated on her
Whole years of fondness! cherish'd, pleas'd, adorn'd
her

With all that love can give—Yet she has done this!
Confusion on me, folly—Ha! she comes.
Down, down, tempestuous soul! let me be dumb,
And hide this shameful conflict that unmans me.

Enter Eurydice.

Eur. He must not know my secret fatal purpose.
That I am fix'd to die: lest his great soul
Refuse a life so dearly sav'd—And now,
All powers that pity humankind, assist me
In this important hour!
Oh, Perianther—

[Aside.
[To him—

And is it thus we meet again!

Per. Ha! see,
She comes prepar'd. By hell, she weeps a lye,
My rage will leap all bounds. [Aside.

Eur. My lord, my love,
I know you look on me as on the cause,
The fatal cause of all your ills; too true:
That guilt is mine—Oh, would to Heaven, this head
Had been laid low in earth ere that sad hour!
Why did I shrink at ruin? why not bear
All pangs, all horrors of besieging famine?
Alas! my love—But your false faithless subjects,
To what have they reduc'd us?

Per. No; not they:
Betrayed! thou alone hast made me wretched.
Oh, death to a king's honour! thou hast sunk me
Into a proverb of reproach; a word
For low contempt, for ribbald scorn to mock at.

Eur. Oh, dire error! [Aside.
My lord, my only love, by holy faith [To him.
I never was disloyal. Rags and penury,
Disease and death, shock not my apprehension
Like that detested crime—I dare no more.
Oh, fly my love! haste from this fatal place,
And leave me to my fate. Oh, save your life,
While yet 'tis in your power!

Per. My life! Away.
And hast thou vilely barter'd for that life
Thy truth, and my fair fame? By yon blest heaven,
I could have borne all woes that wretchedness
Groans under; age, affliction, pining anguish:
And borne them like a man. I could have smil'd
At fortune's keenest rancor—But to know
Myself deceiv'd in thee! there, there I sink!
There manhood, reason die.

Eur. Oh, ye just Powers!
Were ever woes like mine? What are the whips,
Rack, engines, all that murderous cruelty
Hath yet contriv'd—What are they all to this?
This infamy that kills the soul itself?
Yet I will bear even this.

Then here, by weeping, bleeding love I beg you,
With streaming eyes, haste from this fatal place.
The tyrant may recal his word; and then—
I cannot utter more.

Per. And thou can'st weep!
Thou crocodile! These false, these lying tears
Are daggers here. I go—but dost thou hope
Thy mean dissimulation hides thee from me?
Thou hast dishonour'd, ruin'd me; and now
My sight is hateful to thee.

But say, tell me, [Returning.
How have I merited these wrongs of thee?
What was my crime? Can ail-bestowing love
Do more than mine for thee?—When I call back
The days that are no more—Thou wert my all
Of happiness: my soul ne'er knew a joy
That was not thine; my doating fondness lull'd
It's hopes, it's fears, it's wishes, in thy bosom.
O heaven and earth!—and yet—Eurydice—
Thou could'st forsake me! [Weeps.

Eur. Oh, this is too much!
Heaven knows, I would have dy'd to save thy life:
But we will perish both, both die together!
Thy tears distract me. I will tell thee all.

Per. Curse on this weakness! I could tear these
eyes
From forth their orbs—Thou exquisite deceiver!
Hence, lest this arm should do a deed of shame,
And stain me with thy blood.

Eur. Oh, but one moment!
For mercy's sake, allow me one short moment.
Per. No; in the sight of all-beholding Jove,

Here I renounce thee. What a slave to folly,
To thy curs'd arts has Periander liv'd!

Eur. Oh, cruel, cruel! hast thou cast me out
For ever from thy heart? By all our loves,
By the dear pledge of our unspotted flames,
Grant me one moment.

[*Kneels.*
Here will I hang, grow to thy knees—Yes, spurn

me,
Drag this bare bleeding bosom on the ground;
Yes, use me as the vilest slave—but hear me.

Per. Away, away!

Eur. Then strike me dead at once.

Look here, my love; I shrink not from the blow.

Per. That were poor vengeance. No, I meditate
A nobler sacrifice.

[*Alarm of trumpets.*
Ha! what's this?
[*Alarm again.*
Th' alarm is urgent, big with war and dread.

I am the sport of fortune.

Enter Melissa.

Mel. Oh, my lord,
Some wondrous birth of fate is sure disclosing!
Procles calls out to arms; his guards swarm round
Haste in each step, and fear in every eye. [him,
This way too, Medon speeds, and in his train,
A gloomy band of soldiers.

Per. Let him come.

Death has no terrors, when to live is sham'd.

*Enter Medon at the head of one Party, who hurry
the Queen off the Stage; Leonidas at the Head of
another, who remove the King.*

Med. Be quick, secure the queen.

Eur. What mean'st thou, ruffian?

Must we then part?—Farewel, my lord, for ever.

Per. Thou too, Leonidas!—Nay, then—
[*Exeunt all but Leonidas.*

Leon. O, Jove!

Eternal and supreme, whose nod controuls
The fate of empires, whose almighty hand
Sustains the weak, and raises virtue fallen,
Now to this royal sufferer deal thy mercy;
Aid his just arms, and teach mankind to know,
Thy sovereign justice sways the world below.

ACT IV.

Enter Eurydice and Melissa.

Eur. **W**HAT may this mean? The gloomy
band of ruffians,

That bore me hence, vanish'd I know not how.
And hark! no sound, no breath of human voice;
But all around the depth of solitude!

A dumb and death-like stilness! My soul trembles;
And apprehension peoples the lone void,
With fears of horrid form—but what can fate?
What can the wrath of all the gods inflict,
Beyond what I have known?

Mel. My gracious mistress,
This awful moment is, perhaps, the crisis
Of all your future life. Your guards fled sudden,
And late the neighb'ring courts were loud with
tumult,

Which dy'd away in slow and sullen murmurs.
Some turn of fate is near. Leonidas
In haste bore hence the king, doubtless to save him
From his dire foe; or at the people's head,
Once more to place their sovereign, and restore
You to your former state.

Eur. All otherwise
My thoughts forebode. There is one deadly ill,
Which, oh, too sure, no time, no chance can heal!
And at the dawn of day, just as these lids

Reluctant clos'd to rest, Arpasia's shade,
My much-lov'd mother, stood confess'd before me,
Pale as the shroud that wound her clay-cold limbs:
Her eyes fix'd on me, still and motionless,
Streaming unreal tears. She groan'd; and thrice,
In low, sad murmurs, bade me to her tomb,
To meet her there—And there, in death alone,
In the dark grave, can poor Eurydice
Expect repose.

Mel. Oh, no! just Heaven, I hope,
That sees your innocence, has yet in store
Much bliss, and many days of peace for you.

Eur. I know his heart is quite estrang'd, and shut,
For ever shut against the voice of love.

And can my heart survive it? Shall I live
With publick infamy? a theme of scorn
To all licentious tongues? Oh, in that thought,
Death's keenest dart has stabb'd my soul already!
And what comes after is not worth my fear.

Mel. Ha! Madam, this way cast your eyes,
and see

What swarms of men; these flying, those pursuing.

Eur. Now, lord of battles! join thy powerful arm;
Assert the cause of righteousness—but hark!
The thunder of their shouts grows near and loud.
This way the combat turns. By all my hopes,
The tyrant's party flies! Look, look, Melissa,
Their broken numbers to the fortrefs bend.

Mel. And now with eager speed they climb th'
That leads to us. [ascent

Eur. But who is he, Melissa,
That, like the god of war, flames foremost yonder?
See his sword lighten, and the foe fly scattering
From his tempestuous arm!—Ha!—yes—Oh, Hea-
'Tis he, 'tis he himself, 'tis Periander! [ven!
Oh, miracle!—He looks again a monarchy
Dreadfully glorious. Throw, all ye powers, your
Of providence before him; think on all [shield
His causeless wrongs, and do him justice now.

Mel. Ah! Procles comes.

Enter Procles, followed by a Party of his Guards.

Pro. Confusion! all is lost.
That traitor has undone me; and those slaves,
The false Corinthians, in a moment's flight,
Threw all their gates wide open to the foe.
Of hope abandon'd, and the gods against me,
What now remains?—The queen! By Heaven, 'tis
well!

Their boasted triumph is not yet compleat—
She's mine, she's mine, and I am conqueror still!—
You, bear this woman thro' the postern gate,

[*To one party.*
Down to the southern shore. I sail this moment
For Epidaurus—You, the while, make head

[*To another.*
Against the near pursuit. Away!

Eur. No, tyrant; I will die first.—Off, base slaves.
Dare ye, dare earth-born peasants violate,
With your rude touch, the majesty of kings?

Ah, Heaven—

Pro. Be quick; nor listen to her raving.

Enter Medon.

Med. Undone, undone! the postern gate is seiz'd.
That curs'd Leonidas—

Pro. Ha! say'st thou, Medon?

Med. By hell, our foes surround us on each hand:
We're taken in the toil.

Pro. Unequal powers!
And have you then deceiv'd me? Rais'd me high
With traitorous kindness, but to plunge me deeper
In howling desperation?

One blow destroys his triumph,

And levels him at once to my destruction.

[*He draws a dagger.*]

Eur. Strike, tyrant, and compleat thy monitrous crimes.

See, thou pale coward; see, a woman braves Thy guilty dagger.

Pro. Some Power invisible arrests my arm! —But shall I lose

This only moment? No! be strong, my heart; Be shut against all human thoughts, and scorn These warrings of thy hostile gods—'Tis done.

Enter Polydore, Leonidas, and Soldiers; Polydore pushes Procles back with his Lance.

Pol. No, traitor! murderer! no: Heaven is more Than to permit a life so much it's care [just, To fall by thy vile hand.—Secure the tyrant.

[*To his Soldiers.*]

My mother!

Eur. Oh, my son!

Pol. Transporting joy!

Eur. Oh, ecstasy! And do I see thy face? And do I hold thee in my trembling arms?— Thou darling of my love! thou early hero! Oh, thou hast sav'd us all!

Pol. This, this is triumph! And I can ask of bounteous Heaven no more. Was ever joy so full? This feeble arm, Oh, pride to think! has sav'd the sacred lives From whom I drew my own.

Eur. And is this possible? What shall I say?—But language all is poor To speak the tender yearnings of my soul. O Polydore! did ever parents know Such transports as do thine? Did ever son Deserve so well of parents!—Good Leonidas, I saw thee not before; indeed I could not, My eyes, my soul were so close fix'd on him. But say, redouble this day's bliss, and say, Whence this amazing change?

Leon. My royal mistress, The gods have done this. One half of the fleet, As led by their peculiar hand, escap'd Yesterday's ruinous storm, and with the dawn Enter'd the port unseen; their secret landing Befriended by the morn's wide-hovering mists. Instant, inform'd of his great father's fate, Your Polydore, this gallant, royal youth, Pour'd forth his eager troops, and at their head, Swift as heaven's darted fire, flew towards Corinth, Which open'd wide her arms to take him in. His fortune speaks the rest.

Eur. O sovereign Goodness, Be thine the praise; this is thy wond'rous work. The king, how was he sav'd?

Leon. Struck with his danger, The tyrant had to present death devoted His sacred head. I counsel'd, and prevail'd (Procles still thought me his) in bonds to hold him, As our sure pledge of safety, should success Desert our arms. The following moment saw him Free from his chains, and foremost in the fight— And hark! these joyous strains proclaim his triumph.

Eur. Retire, my son; I would not meet him here.

[*Exit Eurydice, Polydore, and Melissa.*]

Enter Periander, Ariston, and Attendants.

Per. [*Aside.*] She lies—Thou coward, guilt!— But hence that thought—

[*Advances towards Procles.*]

At length the measure of thy crimes is full: Thy high-plum'd pride lies humbled in the dust; And awful justice comes, array'd in terrors, To make enquiry for the guilt that swells Thy black account. But I will check my heart,

Nor learn of thee to triumph o'er the fallen; Bear him to prison.

Pro. Yet, I will be free, And soon beyond thy power. Knowing the worst, I laugh at all to come.

Per. [*To Med.*] For thee, thou vile one, Thou pander to thy master's lusts, thou sycophant, (The most pernicious present angry Heaven Can make to princes whom it means to blind, And ruin beyond mercy) thy just doom Is instant. Spurn this slave into the streets. The furious people, whom his earth-born pride Has trampled on, and numerous rapines beggar'd, Will find th'oppressor out, and as they tear His guilty limbs, think all their wrongs o'erpaid.

[*Exit Procles and Medon guarded.*]
Leonidas, my father and preserver, Rise to my arms. By Heaven, This wond'rous revolution of my fate, This change, that gives me back my crown and name, Rejoices me yet less, than that I owe The gift to thee.

Leon. Oh, sacred Sir, forbear! The transport to behold you thus again, Is great reward. Now your old man can say He has not liv'd in vain. Ye bounteous Powers, Dismiss me now in peace; for I have seen My master blest'd!

Per. No recompence can equal Such matchless goodness. But I will repay thee A way more pleasing to a soul like thine, By running still in debt to all thy virtues. Thou know'st th' unhappy, envy'd state of kings; How perilous the height so near to heaven: All round is precipice; and on each hand, Foremost in place and trust, their deadliest foes, Power, passion, pleasure, wait to push them headlong.

Thy life has roll'd thro' all the various round Of human chance; and years of hoary thought, Cool and unpassionate, have taught thee wisdom. Be still my guide, and save me from the snares That thus beset me; save me from myself.

Leon. My heart can only answer to this goodness By silent gratitude and joy—But, Sir, Forgive me, if I say, another care Demands your present thought.

Per. [*Aside.*] Fatal remembrance! At once inflam'd my smother'd rage burns up With fiercer blaze. He must not know the purpose With which my bosom labours.—Yes, my Of that we'll talk anon; but now I wish [friend, An hour of privacy.—Ariston, stay.

[*Exit Leon.*]

Thus far have I repress'd the storm within me, Held down its furious heavings; but they now Shall have full flow. I am once more a king. My foe is in my hand, and breathes this air But till I doom him dead; yet is not he So curs'd, so ruin'd as his conqueror!

Arist. What do I hear, my lord?

Per. Ah, good Ariston, The horrors of thy tale were true! She has, She has betrayed me.

Arist. Since the queen is fallen, There is no truth in woman—

Per. Nor no hope For wretched Periander. Not the grave Can hide me now from scorn; not length of days Will wear out this. Oh! never-dying shame! Worlds yet unfound will hear it; and where'er The guilty tale is told, my fate will raise Bafe mirth, or baser pity.

Arif. Could the queen
Scoop to a thought of Procles? False, fond sex!
Unfix'd by reason, ever wandering wild,
As fancy whirls, from folly on to folly,
From vanity to vice. My gracious lord,
She is beneath your anger. Cast her out
From all your soul, and be yourself again;
Resume that reason, Sir—

Per. Away! Can reason

Arrest the whirlwind's wing, or quench the forest,
Struck by the hand of Jove, when all its woods
In one broad conflagration blaze to heaven?
'Tis reason makes me wretched; for it tells me
How shameful this mad conflict of my passions:
But does that still their uproar? Here, Ariston,
Works the wild storm that reason cannot calm.
I must, I will have ease.

Arif. You may; but, oh,
The remedy is dreadful, and will give you
Swoonings and mortal agonies! I tremble
To mention it; but such your soul's deep malady,
No gentler cure can bring the health you want.
Her death, my lord—

Per. Ha! death—My soul shrinks back
From the dread image. How! for ever lose her!
My queen, my wife!—Behold those eyes no more,
That were the light of mine! no longer hear
That voice, whose every sound was harmony!
Of power to soothe the tumultuous rage, and heal
The wounded heart of anguish—Can it be!
Oh, misery! Why, why is this!

Arif. Alas,
You love her still, my lord, and know it not!

Per. Ye gods, why am I thus driven to and fro
By every blast that blows!—It is too true.
A traitorous softness steals o'er my just rage,
And melts me to the dotage of low pity.
Oh, thou mean heart! Is she not false? And I,
Shall I sit down with tame dishonour? Take
Pollution to my arms? Grow vilely old,
A tale for drunkards in their wine? The mirth
Of midnight libertines, when they recount
Their triumphs o'er base women? No! she dies!
I tear her from my breast, tho' the life-stream
Should issue with her. Hear me, then, Ariston,
Do thou prepare a secret draught of death,
Of power most swift and baneful, and be ready
Upon my fatal summons.

Arif. Spare me, Sir;
I like not this employ.

Per. It must be thine.
I have no friend in whom to trust but thee;
And she shall die—But think'st thou, good Ariston,
I should not hear her first?
Something within me cries that I should hear her,
It is not, can't be love. 'Tis my revenge,
All direful now, that would enjoy her tears,
Her lying oaths of innocence, her new
And added perjuries; then sink her down
To the dark world, with all her crimes upon her.

Arif. I will talk no more on this distressful
theme

Per. Ariston, stay,
Spite of these tears, spite of this fond distraction,
It shall be done. A king may live unhappy,
But not with loss of honour unreveng'd.
Then summon all thy firmness, oh, my soul!
And dare to be accus'd, since thy sad choice
Is shame or misery. I am resolv'd.
Ye gods who watch o'er the chaste marriage bed,
Thou Stygian Jove, and all ye powers infernal!
Behold, I kneel, as in your awful presence:
By that invisible, that dreaded lake,

Th' irrevocable oath that binds even you,
Here I pronounce, and seal her doom of death.
*Enter Eurydice; she kneels to Periander, who, af-
ter looking at her some time with emotion, sings
away without speaking.*
Eur. Not hear me! not vouchsafe me one poor
word!

'Tis hard indeed—The wretch of many crimes,
[*Rising.*

Whom mercy dares not save, is gentler us'd.
His rigid judge is less severe than mine.
Ye Powers, have I deserved this! Did my heart
E'er harbour one loose wish? Yourselves can tell.
The morning's orient beam is not more pure,
More stainless than my truth. Was ever fate,
Were ever woes like mine? Even in the hour
Of general joy to all, while pleasing hope
Sprung fast within my heart, I find myself
Undone for ever; sunk to rise no more!
Not hear me!—then I know my doom is fix'd.
And shall I stay to hear the foul surmises,
The scurril taunts, the false upbraiding pity,
The keen revilings that must usher in
My public sentence? Can there be in death
Such pangs, such piercing agonies? Impossible!
Death is repose and calm, is soft Elysium
To thoughts like these. I will prevent their triumph,
And save myself this shame. 'Tis but to lose
A few unhappy moments; 'tis to rest
The sooner from my cares; to feel no more
The bitterness of misery and insult
That bait my weary soul. Then it is fix'd.

Spite of the woman, no fond tear shall flow,
No sigh arise, the coward sex to shew.
When life is shame, and glorious freedom nigh,
A Grecian and a queen must dare to die. [*Exit.*

A C T V.

Periander walking disorder'd, Leonidas following.

Leon. O My lov'd master! have I liv'd to see
This sight of woe? Alas! is this to con-
Are these the fruits of victory? [*quer?*

Per. Away!

Why nam'st thou victory to me, a slave
Subdu'd and tyranniz'd by his worst foes,
His unrelenting passions? Talk of ruin,
And I will hear thee; talk of hopeless misery;
No other strain befits thy master's triumph.

Leon. This is the language of supreme distress,
Impatient of itself. My gracious lord,
Forgive an old man's talk, who would this moment,
Might this poor life bring back your peace of mind,
With joy resign it.

Per. That were to bring back
The darted sun-beam. Oh, no! my soul!
Has bid the last farewell to happiness,
To hope itself. And yet I thank thy love,
Indeed I do—But leave me for a while.
I would be private.

Leon. Sir, I dare not leave you—
Forgive these tears—I dare not leave you thus
At variance with yourself. I read too plain
The fatal thought that wakens in your bosom.

Per. And wouldst thou have me live this abject
thing?

This slave of folly? For I tell thee, blushing
With shame and strong abhorrence of myself,
I cannot tear that woman from my soul,
False, faithless as she is—Then I will die;
That just revenge is still within my power.

Leon. O jealousy, thou merciless destroyer !
Too long, my lord, you listen to the whispers
Of that domestick foe, that bosom traitor.
For mercy's sake, throw not away so rashly
The jewel of your soul. Some unseen error
Misleads you from the truth, and ruins her.
Grant her a moment's audience.

Per. I have sworn
That she shall die.

Leon. Is then her sacred life
Of so small price, to cast her thus away
With blind precipitance ? Your queen, my lord,
The fairest form, the most exalted mind,
Once so ador'd and lov'd, to whom your soul
Still cleaves with fondness ! Can you give her up,
The mother of your darling, Polydore,
Unheard, unury'd, to death and infamy ?
Can you do this ?

Per. Oh, by my soul's strong anguish,
I would most gladly blot out from my thoughts
All memory of past time ! I yet would question
The waking evidence of every sense,
To give her back that virtue, those fair beams
That shone on our first loves. Then was I blest'd
Beyond the race of men, belov'd and loving,
Honour'd and happy ; and my name as odour
Pour'd forth, and breathing freshness all around.
Oh, days of dear delight ! That I could fix
Forever there, and, and think no farther on !
I will, if possible.

Leon. Oh, happy change !
Confirm this gentle purpose, favouring Heaven !
I fly to bring her hither.

Per. Stay thee yet.
I would relolve, but cannot. Love and rage
By turns assail me ; melt me now to mercy,
Now rouse me to distraction—Oh, my heart !

Leon. Then punish the sole cause of all your
On the great criminal, or Procles' head [pangs :
Discharge the fulness of a righteous vengeance,
And justify the gods. Let the rack tear
The traitor's limbs ; and as he howls with anguish,
Extort confession from him of the lyes,
The dark aspersions, that have well nigh ruin'd
Your injur'd, virtuous queen, and tortur'd you.

Per. What hast thou done ? Oh, that detested
name !

Thou know'st not half my madness : that curs'd name
Has set my brain on blaze, and call'd up there
Ten thousand furies. Heil ! hast thou not heard
What shame and scorn, what vileness and confusion
He heap'd upon my head—and she the cause ?

Leon. Oh, Heaven ! and is this retribution thine ?
Must virtue know what vice alone should feel ?

Per. Forbear, fond man. That Heaven thou
dar'st accuse,

Just, tho' mysterious leads us on unerring,
Thro' ways unmark'd, from guilt to punishment.
I vow'd, alas ! and with strong adjurations
Bound that just vow, to set my country free.
This, to my father, on his bed of death,
Solemn I swore—But, oh, blind lust of greatness !
Thro' wantonness of will I lightly weigh'd it,
Nor fear'd the hour of terrible account.
That hour is come ; and what avails it now
That I with equal hand and gentle rule
Have sway'd my people ? I am punish'd most,
Where I had bid my soul be most secure
Of happiness for years—Ha ! Polydore !

Enter Polydore.

Sold I would be private.

Per. Oh, my father !
Here let me kneel for ever, weep these eyes

To blindness, and ne'er know a thought of comfort.

Per. What would my Polydore ?

Pol. Alas ! what means

This common face of woe that meets my sight
Where'er I turn ? Even now, while happy Coriath
Blazes with triumph ; while the neighbouring
Resound to heaven their voice of general joys, [throng
The palace is in tears. Her silent courts
Are dark with mourning, as if Death and Ruin,
Not Victory, had fix'd their mansion here !

Per. There is a cause, my son, a dreadful one.
But leave me to myself.

Pol. Am I then grown
A horror to your eyes ? What is my crime,
That thus, with alienated look, you turn
As from some baleful object ? Yet, my father,
Oft have you sworn, that in this face you saw,
And lov'd your darling queen.

Per. Away, thy looks,
Thy words distract me.

Pol. Whither shall I fly ?
Where hide this hated head ? My mother too,
As now I left her, pressing full her eyes
With fix'd and earnest mournfulness on mine,
Stream'd into tears : then clasp'd me to her bosom
With such sad passion, such transported tremblings,
As parting lovers that must meet no more.
I begg'd to know the cause : again she press'd me
With fonder eagerness, and sighing cry'd,
' Say to the king, my heart has never err'd.'

Per. By Heaven, my soul melts at the piteous
O Polydore— [talc.

Enter an Officer.

Off. My lord, the prisoner, Medon,
Attends, and prays admittance to your presence.

Per. Ha ! Medon ! Dost thou dream ? Medon alive !
Did I not charge thee strict to cast him forth
That moment to the fury of the people ?
How hast thou dar'd to disobey ?

Off. Dread Sir,
As to his fate I led him, pale and trembling,
At sight of the tumultuous crowd around,
With utmost instance he requested of me
To save him yet a moment ; for he had
Secrets of prime concernment that requir'd
The king's immediate ear. We hardly 'scap'd
Into the southern tower ; th' unnumber'd rabble,
With cries and threats, demanded forth their foe.
At hazard of my life I ventur'd down,
Sooth'd, flatter'd, promis'd them they should have
They are but now dispers'd. [justice

Per. Leonidas,
My heart misgives me at that miscreant's name.
But let him enter.

Enter Medon.

Med. O king, renown'd for gentleness and mercy !
The noblest praise ! see prostrate at your feet
A criminal, who comes to merit pardon,
By fair discovery of some weighty truths,
That much import your soul's repose and health.

Per. Say on ; and if thy heart has form'd a hope
Of one hour's after-life, take heed thy tale
Be strictly just to truth.

Med. Thus grovelling here,
With shame and sharp remorse I own my crime.
Mistaken by that usurper, who, with me,
Now shares the due reward of guilt like ours,
To pleasure him, unhappy that I was !
I told, I know not what of your good queen.
Would I had perish'd first ! for all was false,
And the most innocent.

Per. Perdition on thee !
What do I hear ?

EURYDICE.

Med. I fill'd Arifon's ears
With monftrous tales, which his plain honefty,
Alas! too rafhly credited——

Per. Ye gods!
And could your thunder fleep? Pernicious flave!
Hadft thou as many lives as crimes, not one
Should 'fcape my juftice.——
Drag him hence, * [To the Guards.]
And guard him at the peril of your heads.

[Exit Medon guarded.]

Leon. Amazing villainy!
Per. Oh, fly, my fon!
Find the poor mourner out, and in my name
Say all that weeping penitence can plead,
Or love returning promife. My full heart
Will more than make it good: and may the power
Of foft perfuafion wait upon thy lips.

[Exit Polydore.]

As from enchantment freed, the mifts difperfe
By which my eyes were held—That injur'd fair!
How fhall I meet her foft forgiving look,
Whom I fo much have wrong'd!

Leon. Thrice happy turn
Of unexpected fate!
Per. But let me fly
Into her gentle arms; there lofe the horrors
That have diftracted me; there lofe myfelf
In love's extatic joys.

Enter Arifon.

In happy time
Thou com'ft, Arifon. We were both deceiv'd,
And I revoke my order. But curs'd Procles
Shall pay me dear for all.
Arif. He has, my lord,
And the sad tale is terrible. I shrink
Not to recount it. Slumbering confcience rous'd,
And flafhing in his face the ftartling profpect
Of his paff life, furious he dafh'd his head
Againft his prifon walls. I found him fallen;
A piteous fpectacle; rolling in blood,
Deform'd with pain: for agonizing death
Sat hideous on his brow. Faintly he drew
His parting breath; yet all that breath went forth
In blafphemies, affaulting Heaven with curfes,
The ravings of defpair, for frustrating
His impious purpofe on the queen.
Per. How dreadful!—The hand
Of Heaven is greatly juft—But, oh, my friends,
Thefe ftrange events have well nigh overturn'd
His tottering brain. I feel I know not what
Of joy and terror, high amaze and tranfport,
All blended here, and working in wild tumult.

Enter Meliffa.

Per. Meliffa!—Ha! fpeak——
Mel. Oh, my royal miftrefs!
The dews of death are cold upon her brow.
Per. What means thy fatal words?
Mel. Falfely accus'd
Of what her foul moft loathes, and to defpair
Of your unkindnefs urg'd, the queen, alas!
Is drunk a deadly draught.
Per. Oh, heaven and earth!
Are thefe at laft my hopes? 'Tis I—Oh, horror!
Tis I have murder'd her——

SCENE opening, difcovers Eurydice fitting, Polydore kneeling by her.

O righteous gods!
Oh, give her back to life, and to your juftice
Bow this guilty head!—What's to be done?
Alas! Arifon! fly, my friends,

My crown to him that faves her!

Eur. It cannot be. Already death invades
My fhivering bofom. Yet a little moment,
And I fhall be with thofe that reft for ever.
But here, in this laft awful hour, I fwear,
By that dread world, whither my foul is parting,
I never knew pollution. I am ftill
Your true and loyal wife.

Per. I know thou art,
Thou dying innocence. My fatal blindness,
Destruction on my head! has ruin'd thee,
My life! my foul's beft joy! and muft I lofe thee?
Lofe thee for ever?—Wretch! rafh fool!—Oh,
Forgive my madnefs! [yet

Eur. Thus, in thy lov'd arms
Each unkind thought is loft. Now I die pleas'd:
Now all is well—Death! thou art here— [Dies.]

Mel. Ah, ſhe expires! The laft dim mift fwims
Her clofing eyes! [o'er

Per. One moment, thou fair ſpirit,
One moment tarry for me—Thus we join,
To part no more——

[He draws his fword to ſtab himſelf.]

Arif. Ah! Sir——
Leon. My lord, what means
This fatal fury?

Per. Cruel men, away!
And would you then detain me longer here
On this loath'd ſpot, to linger out old age
With darknefs and defpair? To curſe the hour
That gave a murderer birth? Would you, my
Have me live thus? [friends,

Arif. Ye gods affuage his grief!
Per. Thefe righteous gods have caſt me off for
My broken vow—Oh, terrible! it hangs [ever.]
A burſting thunder, o'er my head.

Pol. Alas, my father!——
Per. O my fon, my fon!
I have undone thee too. How dare I look [nefs]
On that dear face, where thy loſt mother's ſweet-
Smiles ſtrong reproach, and charms me into mad-
nefs?

Then farewell, reafon; farewell, human converſe;
Sun, day, and time, farewell!—All hail, defpair!
Eternal darknefs, hail!—Say'ſt thou I've loſt her?
No, no; we will not part. Thus let me preſs
Her clay-cold lips, thus weep my ſoul away
On her chaſte bofom here. Oh, yet, my love!
My better life! Oh, yet lift up thy eyes!
Oh, ſpeak to me!

Leon. Alas, ſhe hears you not!
The ſoul is fled for ever.

Per. O my queen!
—[He throws himſelf by the body; the reſt ſtand
weeping and ſilent.]

Arif. Gently raiſe him.
Per. [Raiſing himſelf up.] Ha! there—ſave
me! 'tis he! the king of terrors!
Lo, how the ghafly viſion glares upon me
With his fix'd beamleſs eyes!—What path is this,
Dreary and deep, thro' which he drags me on?
But ſee the Furies arm'd! ſee their fell ſerpents,
That rouse themſelves to ſting me! Is there none,
No power, to ſcreen them from me?

Leon. Gracious Sir,
Where is that patience——

Per. Soft—I ſee her plain.
Yonder on high ſhe ſits amid the gods,
Who wonder at her charms—And doſt thou ſmile
Upon thy murderer? Thus let me kneel,
And weeping, worſhip ther—Ha! ſeeſt thou there
Yon flaming pool? And what damn'd ſoul is that,
Riſing from the mid deeps, that beckons me?

Helwaves me still---By hell, 'tis hated Procles,
The cause of all my ruin!---Traitor, yes,
I come, I fly, to plunge thee deeper still
In this red sea of tortures---Oh!---

Alf. He dies!

Pa. Oh, matchless horror!

Leon. Bear him gently hence.
Was ever sight like this?---O jealousy,
This is thy dreadful work. May future times
Learn here thy power, and mark, with heedful eyes
From thy blind rage what mighty mischiefs rise.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

